

HASHGACHA PRATIS

Incredible stories of Hashgacha Pratis in our times. Words of chizuk heard on the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line.

השגחה
פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

Parashas Tazria - Metzora 5786 ✦ 186

Only with Hashem's Hashgacha

The Secret Revealed on Erev Pesach

Someone left the following message on our phone line: With Pesach coming, we knew there were many things we needed; so my wife and I took out two sheets of paper. On the first we began listing all the things that Hashem has already given us. The list included family, health, talents, children, a home, jobs, and more. We listed all sorts of products and items that we had only because Hashem wanted us to have them. The list got longer and longer, and we had to turn over the paper and continue on the other side.

Then we got to work on the second paper and began listing all the things we needed before Pesach. This list too got longer and longer as we added things that were not strictly necessary but would increase our joy and comfort over Yom Tov. Looking at the two lists strengthened our *emunah*. We saw how much bounty Hashem had already given us, and our belief that He would continue to lovingly provide for all our needs and wants became very real. We *knew* we were in His loving Hands.

Indeed, the *Kol Yachol* didn't disappoint us. As the days and weeks passed, we crossed more and more items off the second list and added them to the first list instead, as we were able to purchase them, or we received them "incidentally." There were some very expensive items on our list of "wants," and by the time *Pesach* came around, we somehow had them as well!

When Reb Simcha Bunim of Peshischa would recite the *piyut* that begins, "He Who answered Avraham Avinu at Har Hamoriah will answer us," he would always end off with a personalized addition: "He Who answered *Bunim* will answer us." After all, hadn't Hashem come through for him yesterday, a week ago, and three years ago too? Hadn't Hashem been there for him from the time he was born, and before that as well? Surely Hashem would answer him and continue providing for all his needs now too!

When we recognize that everything we've ever received in our lives came solely and completely from Hashem, that is the key to all the *yeshuos* we need!

Good Shabbos, Pinchas Shafer

They Show us the Way

Stories of Tzaddikim who lived with emunah and bitachon

The Check Arrived While He Was Bentching *The lender asked for his money back on Chol Hamoed morning.*

Ponevezh was a large, bustling city, the fifth-largest in Lithuania. Rav Yosef Shlomo Kahaneman was *rav* of the city, and after the First World War he established a yeshiva that was its crowning glory. There, young men delved into the Torah earnestly and enthusiastically at all hours of the day, and the *kol haTorah* thundered.

The sun shone brightly that morning. The Rav sat at his table, his perpetually warm eyes and smiling countenance betraying a small trace of worry. Today was the last day for him to pay back the huge loan he had taken from the bank for the yeshiva.

On the table before him lay a letter from the bank warning that legal measures would be taken against him, along with a huge fine, if the loan was not repaid in time. If this happened it would be a great *chillul Hashem*,

besides the trouble it would cause to the Rav himself; but he had no money.

The Rav was a product of the Novaradok school of thought. *Bitachon* flowed in his veins. He closed his eyes and repeated to himself words of *bitachon* again and again; *Hashem can do anything in an instant. It is in His Hands alone to save me from trouble.*

Just then a visitor arrived. "Kevod Harav, I serve as the *shamash* in the nearby village. Years ago my son moved to America, where he was drafted into the army and killed in the war. Now, suddenly, the American army gave me a huge sum of money in reparations!

"I am really scared," he continued, "for people to find out about it. Perhaps as a result they'll stop paying me my meager salary. So I decided to give the money to the Rav. You can do with it whatever you want until I ask for it back."



✦ A Life of Emunah and Integrity ✦

Shaul did not stand out in any way. He went about his business like anyone else, davening three times a day and keeping to his learning *sedarim* and *shiurim*. He always greeted people pleasantly. Everything about Shaul seemed fine.

No one noticed that recent weeks had brought an added furrow to Shaul's brow, and more than a few white hairs seemed to have sprouted overnight in Shaul's beard. No one other than the venerable Rav Chizkiyah knew that Shaul was floundering.

It all began when Shaul approached the Rav with an unusual request. His manner was direct, and he spoke as though he were asking for the smallest of favors: Would the Rav be willing to sign as a guarantor for a loan of 100,000 shekels that Shaul needed to take?

Even as he nodded in understanding, the wheels in Reb Chizkiyah's mind began to turn. Shaul was obviously in deep financial trouble. 100,000 shekels was no measly sum. Reb Chizkiyah was known for his integrity, which is probably what brought Shaul to him in the first place. What would happen if Shaul failed to make his payments? Was it right for him to get involved?

"100,000 shekels is a large sum," Reb Chizkiyah said gently. "Do you have a realistic plan to repay it?"

"Absolutely," Shaul replied without hesitation. "I need the cash now, but I have a plan. I would never put the Rav at risk. It's just a matter of time until things turn around."

"Still," Reb Chizkiyah said, "I don't have the means to cover such a loan if something goes wrong."

"There's nothing to worry about," Shaul reassured him. "I just need someone trustworthy, someone respected, to sign. I have no intention of causing the Rav any trouble. With Hashem's help, I'll repay every last shekel."

In the end, Reb Chizkiyah allowed himself to be persuaded. His heart beat a bit faster, but his hand remained steady as he signed beneath the word "guarantor" and handed the document back.

Two months later, after his morning *shiur*, Reb Chizkiyah glanced at his phone and saw eight missed calls from an unfamiliar number.

Eight missed calls.

A sense of unease settled over him as he dialed back. As he listened, the color slowly drained from his face. "Reb Chizkiyah," the voice on the other end said, "you signed as guarantor for Shaul's loan from our *gemach*, correct?"

"Yes."

The man continued, his tone urgent.

"The loan was set up with fixed monthly payments, withdrawn directly from Shaul's account. For the past two months, we haven't received anything. It appears that Shaul was deeply in debt and has left the country. We have no way of reaching him. As his guarantor, the responsibility now falls on you."

The words echoed in his mind. *You are his guarantor. You are his guarantor.*

One hundred thousand shekels.

What had he done?

"We're going to need to work hard and find additional income," Reb Chizkiyah told his *rebbetzin* later that evening.

"What? Why? What happened?" she asked, alarmed. "I signed as guarantor on a 100,000-shekel loan, and the borrower disappeared," he told her unceremoniously.

"What?!" she sputtered. "How dare this borrower take advantage of you this way?"

Reb Chizkiyah remained calm. "What's done is done," he said, "and our situation is ordained by Hashem, Who is running the world. We'll have to do what we can to make his payments."

"Who is this man?" the *rebbetzin* insisted.

"What good will come of your knowing?" the *rav* asked. "Why should we speak *lashon hara* when there is no *heter* of *to'eles* here at all, and nothing will change?"

Together the couple strengthened themselves in *emunah* began making the monthly payments on the loan. They had been doing so for three months, when the *rebbetzin* traveled to America for her niece's wedding, hoping to get a much-needed breather from all the pressure of the previous months. She was surprised to see a familiar face outside her sister's shul on the Shabbos following the wedding. It was Leah from their community in Eretz Yisrael – Shaul's wife!

>>> continued from page 1

The Rav did not show signs of great surprise. He took the money, which amounted to the very sum he owed the bank, and he repaid the loan on that day.

Some time later, the *shamash* returned to claim his money. It was on one of the days of Chol Hamoed, when all the Jewish businesses were closed, so it would not have been possible for him to borrow money.

When the Rav saw him, he remained calm and invited him warmly to join them for a meal in honor of Chol Hamoed.

The man agreed, and they washed and sat down to eat a pleasant meal. When they were *bentching*, the Rav said each word carefully and slowly, with great *kavanah*. Just as he was saying the final words – *umikol tuv le'olam al yechasreinu*, the mailman arrived with an envelope containing a check for the yeshiva. The check was made out for the exact sum of money he owed the *shamash*.

Shiur by Harav Hagaon Yehuda Mandel shlita

Reach Higher

Lying in bed at night, his thoughts wandered dismally. He felt he was a big-time loser. In shul, he might as well have been transparent. No one so much as glanced his way or said hello. Never was he offered an *aliyah* or shown any sign of respect. He would have switched to another shul, but he was too realistic for that. Why would anyone anywhere pay *him* any attention? In short, he was one big nobody. With these depressing thoughts filling his mind, he sank into sleep.

In the morning he was suddenly in a better mood. He thought about how every Yid is part of Hashem, and as a Yid he had infinite value no matter what his circumstances. He reflected on the many gifts and talents Hashem gave him, and He thanked Hashem for them. *Even when things seem down*, he thought, *a Yid can always get up. A Yid can use every moment in life for growth and closeness to Hashem.*

When he arrived at shul, the *gabbai* approached and asked him to daven the Rosh Chodesh *Shacharis* for the *amud*. Afterward he got an *aliyah*, too. All this happened on the very day that he recognized his own worth.

We are often too hard on ourselves. Sometimes we think about how we used to be better off socially or spiritually. It's important to realize that these thoughts come from the *yetzer hara*. When the going gets tough, and a person needs to exert himself to keep moving forward, to daven and to function properly, this is a sign that he is growing spiritually. Hashem is challenging him to cause him to move up another rung on the ladder. When you realize this, then **your positive thoughts will actually change your reality. They will change both the way you view yourself and the way you are treated by others.**

We often feel a letdown when the uplifting days of Pesach come to an end. It's a bit anti-climactic. What now? But then Hashem gives us the days of *sefiras ha'omer*. This mitzvah of counting days teaches us to constantly strive for more and for higher, to consistently set our compass "north" when it comes to serving Hashem.

"Good Shabbos," the *rebbetzin* greeted her, surprised. "I didn't know you moved here! It's so good to see you." And she embraced her warmly. They chatted for several moments, and then the *rebbetzin* entered the shul.

Leah, initially shocked and dismayed to encounter the *rebbetzin*, relaxed after the warm greeting. Was this woman for real? Why, as far as Leah knew, the *rebbetzin* and her husband were dealing with the fallout of Shaul's huge debt, while she and Shaul had disappeared off the map. How could the *rebbetzin* act as though nothing had changed between them?

Her admiration was quickly replaced by guilt, shame, and despair. How could she and Shaul be guilty of causing these special people so much heartache and financial loss? How?

"Shaul," she said after Shabbos, "you should have seen how she greeted me. I would not have been surprised in the least had she snubbed or ignored me, or openly called me to task. These people are *tzaddikim*! I can't bear the thought that we are causing them so much pain and financial loss. I want to simply bury myself in shame. We must do whatever we have to do to get this loan paid up. We'll get *askanim* involved, we'll lower ourselves and ask for real help, but we'll get this burden off Reb Chizkiyah's shoulders."

Moved by his wife's impassioned words and even more so by the remarkable *middos tovos* Reb Chizkiyah and his *rebbetzin* displayed, Shaul made a huge effort to get hold of the huge sum he needed.

Several hours of frenetic phone calls and activity yielded results. On Sunday afternoon, Leah knocked on the door of the home where the *rebbetzin* was staying. She handed her the money and expressed her regret for the anguish they had caused Reb Chizkiyah and his wife. The *rebbetzin* stood there, amazed, as understanding dawned on her.

"Oh, so it was you?!" she said slowly.

The *rebbetzin* returned to her husband with 100,000 shekels in hand and with the invaluable knowledge that one can only gain from not speaking *lashon hara*.

"If I had known it was them," she told her husband, "never in a million years would I have been able to act with such restraint and greet her so warmly. You guarded your tongue and held on to *emunah*, and Hashem took care of the rest."

✦ The Rebbe Was Calling Me ✦

If someone would have told me that the Rebbe called him to come *daven* at his *kever*, I'd have assumed he was either a great hidden *tzaddik*, or crazy. But that someone was me. Yes, the Rebbe called me to his *kever*.

I was 29 years old, a husband and successful working adult. I worked for a business in my hometown of Monroe and was actually in the midst of moving to another company for a higher, more lucrative position. Hashem blessed me with common sense that enabled me to make wise decisions and succeed. Outwardly, I had everything going for me, but inwardly, I was suffering greatly.

My wife and I had been married for four years. The apartment



complexes and private homes that surrounded us in our neighborhood abounded with the sweet sounds of thousands of *Yiddisheh kinderlach* – babies in strollers, little boys with curly flying *peyos* and the sweet purity of youth in their shining eyes, young girls at their mothers' sides. But our home was empty. Our hearts were pining for a child of our own. The silence echoed through our home. *When, Ribbono shel Olam?! When would we finally be zocheh?*

The truth was that I had been through a difficult period before my marriage as well. I was 25 years old when I finally found my *shidduch*, and in our community this is considered very old. When this story began, most of my contemporaries had six or seven children. I felt that my life, for some reason, was stuck like a scratched CD that kept repeating the same sorry refrain of misfortune while everyone around me moved forward at top speed. My heart wept inside me. I was a mess.

Before Rosh Hashanah I went to *daven* at the *kevarim* of my Rebbes, the *tzaddikim* of Spink. Afterwards I set out for Monsey to *daven* by the Ribnitzer *zy"á*. Looking back, I can say that my *yeshuah* began on that day, when I cried like never before. I *davened* from the depths of my heart, from a place within me I had never touched before. The tears flowed and flowed, and my *tefillah* went up to Hashem. I asked for a good year. I asked Hashem to give me a child.

While *davening*, I firmly resolved to make several changes related to *tefillah*. I would not speak at all during *davening* and *krias haTorah*. I would not enter shul with my phone but would always leave it behind in the car when coming in for *davening*, and I would not leave shul even a minute before *davening* was completely finished. Feeling cleansed and purified, I headed home.

The day after Sukkos is the Ribnitzer Rebbe's *yahrtzeit*. I drove back to his *kever* and begged him to intercede in *Shamayim* on my behalf, to ask Hashem to grant me a child. "I understand that Hashem wants me to fix something. Please intercede for me and show me what I need to do in order to merit a child. I will do whatever it takes." I continued crying and reciting *Tehillim*, and I want you to know: *Tefillah* from the depths of a person's heart effects changes. *Tefillah* brings *yeshuos*, and even more so when accompanied by tears. And when you *daven* at the *kever* of a *tzaddik*, there is someone great who intercedes on your behalf and brings your *tefillah* before the *Kisei Hakavod*.

Life went on. I had to tie up some matters with the business I was leaving behind. One day, I was sitting at an important meeting with my boss, as we were preparing a list of things I had to do in order to properly train in the person who was replacing me. As we were talking, I unexpectedly saw the Ribnitzer

Rebbe's image in my mind's eye. Inexplicably, I felt that the Rebbe was summoning me, and I lost focus on the meeting completely.

"I must end our meeting now," I told my boss. "I need to go to the Ribnitzer Rebbe's *kever*."

"Right now?" He was surprised, to say the least. "Can't it wait until we finish this list?"

I tried to refocus, but I couldn't.

"No," I responded. "I feel that I must leave now. I won't be long, just to light a candle and say some *Tehillim*. I'll be back soon."

A short while later I was standing at the Rebbe's *kever*, reciting *Tehillim*. Several other *Yidden* surrounded me. One of them looked familiar.

"Yerachmiel?" he asked. "Do you recognize me?"

I looked at him closely and perked up. "Shalom! How are you?" I greeted my old classmate whom I hadn't seen since we finished *yeshivah ketanah*.

We chatted for several minutes, and then he told me that never in his life had something like this happened to him. Suddenly, in middle of a regular workday, he felt that the Ribnitzer Rebbe was calling him. When he said those words, it instantly dawned on me that this was no coincidence. The Rebbe himself had set up our meeting from on High to enable me to repair what I had to.

We were young boys back in *yeshivah ketanah*, and although in general we had a good relationship, sometimes I lost patience with Shalom. I recalled telling him, on several occasions, that he was hanging around me too much. "Why do you keep following me?" I asked him. Also, to my deep embarrassment, I lifted my hand to hit him more than once. I didn't attach any significance to these things. We were, after all, kids, and these things are par for course, I thought. Shalom, however, hadn't forgotten the hurt and pain.

"I want to ask for your forgiveness," I begged him with tears in my eyes. "I need a *yeshuah*, for children."

Shalom understood my pain, and he also recalled the nicer parts of our relationship.

"I forgive you completely," he said. He put his hand on the *matzeivah* and said, "Rebbe, if this person has no children because of the pain he caused me back then, I forgive him completely and I am asking you to intercede on his behalf before Hashem."

I placed my hand on the *matzeivah* as well and said, "Rebbi, in the *zechus* of his readily forgiving me, please intercede before Hashem to give him whatever he needs too."

It was a moving moment. We exchanged phone numbers and promised to update each other with good news. On Erev Yom Kippur of this year, my wife and I were finally *zocheh* to have a healthy baby girl. My dear friends! After Pesach you'll go back to school or yeshivah, and you'll meet up with your friends.

Please, be careful! Be careful not to hurt anyone. It is so easy to hurt but so difficult to repair.

I was *zocheh* to see a *yeshuah* in the merit of keeping silent in shul, and in the *zechus* of my heartfelt *tefillos* and the *tzaddik* who helped me. I thank Hashem from the bottom of my heart and pray that we will all be able to serve Him with purity, always.

✦ A “Chance” Encounter? ✦

Yaakov, who began working as a plumber, purchased an expensive set of tools designed for fixing external sewage problems in the streets. As any experienced plumber could have told him, this was a big mistake, a waste of money. No private person would call and pay a plumber to fix an external sewage problem, and the municipality had its own contractors. In short, the set of tools simply took up space in Yaakov’s home, collecting dust.

Yaakov decided to try to return the set to the hardware

store, but the owner refused to take it back. He had far too many of those sets sitting in storage. He certainly wouldn’t take back the one he had managed to sell.

“Hashem,” said Yaakov as he walked out of the store, “please help me find a way to get rid of this set and get my money back, too.”

As soon as he finished his impromptu prayer, a man who looked like a repairman walked over to him and asked. “Do you know where I could buy a set of tools made for fixing external sewage problems?”

“Oh, yes!” Yaakov replied happily. “I have just such a set, and I can sell it to you right now at a reduced price.”

The deal was closed instantly. The improbability of such an encounter was so obvious that even the (as-yet) nonreligious owner of the hardware store was moved by the obvious *hashgachah*.

“It was an incredible *kiddush Hashem*,” Yaakov concludes.

Did you see Hashem’s hashgacha clearly in your own life?
Let us know! Your story can spread emunah to thousands
Email your story to: hashgachaprutis@gmail.com



Your Say

Mailbox

I wanted to write in about an idea I thought of, which is linked to *emunah* and *hashgachah pratit*.

As we know, in *Lashon Hakodesh* there is always a connection between words that share a root. The words *eim*, *emunah*, and *imun* all have the same root. This implies that a mother (*eim*) is intrinsically connected to *emunah* and to *imun*, which, when used as a noun, means trust, and when as a verb means practice or training. From the time a child is born, he learns about trust through his primary relationship with his mother, whom he learns he can trust to meet all his needs.

In a healthy parent-child relationship, a child can trust his parents for everything. For example, if someone poses one difficult question after another to the child – questions the child certainly could not answer – in exasperation, the child will finally say, “I don’t know! Ask my father! He knows!” With these words the child expresses his implicit trust in his parents. Even just saying the words reassures the child and brings him a sense of security. I may not know everything, the child is thinking, but my father knows; my father will take care of it.

This feeling of total reliance becomes the basis

for complete trust in Hashem. That *temimus*, that innocent wholesomeness, is the hallmark of a Yid who lives with *bitachon*, and parents are integral to the development of their child’s *emunah* in Hashem, by giving their child that paradigm of total trust and reliance.

And we can add the following:

A father conveys to his child the fundamentals of *emunah*, but a mother – *eim* – is the one who puts *emunah* into practice for the child. Her relationship with her child is the *imun*, the training that makes a life of faith second nature for him. The *gematria*, the numerical value, of the word *yeled*, child, is 44, which is equal to the combined numerical values of the words *av* (3) and *eim* (41). The lack of proportion between the numerical values of the two parents signifies how the mother’s role is so pivotal in the formation of a believing Jew who lives with true *bitachon* in Hashem.

May we be *zocheh* to properly train our children to become masters of *emunah* and *bitachon*!

Aharon Beifus, Rechasim

We’d love to hear from you! Send us your comments on this letter by email.



My Silence Opened the Gates of Heaven

Hello there! My name is Chaim, and I live in Beitar. Ever since I was a little boy, my mother’s younger brother was always my favorite uncle. I knew that he’d been in shidduchim for quite a while and that my parents were often discussing different ideas and possibilities for shidduchim for him. I really, really wanted him to get engaged, but what could I possibly do? I’m just a kid, after all!



One day, my rebbi spoke about the power of tefillah. After that, I started to ask Hashem to help my uncle find his kallah. I davened for him every day during Shema Koleinu, for several weeks, but nothing was happening! Then I decided to take upon myself not to talk at all during davening – from the beginning of davening to the end. This was not easy for me at all. I wrote reminders for myself and put them in my siddur and on my desk, to make sure I wouldn’t say a single word during davening time. Baruch Hashem, my uncle got engaged very soon after that!

An Erev Shabbos Hug from Hashem

Hi everyone! My name is Shimon, and I live in Beitar. I want to tell you about the amazing hashgachah pratis that happened to me and my family recently. It was the week before Shabbos Hagadol, and we were excited that my aunt from Beit Shemesh had invited all of us to spend Shabbos with her and her family. As soon as we got home from cheder, my brothers and I rushed to shower and get dressed for Shabbos. We packed our small suitcases and took the special tray of chocolates my mother had prepared as a gift for my aunt. Then we hurried out the door and practically ran all the way to the bus stop.



While we were waiting for the bus a car pulled

over, and we saw that the driver was our father’s close friend from shul. He rolled down his window and asked where we needed to go. We told him we were heading to Beit Shemesh for Shabbos, and he exclaimed, “So you need to be at a different bus stop! The bus to Beit Shemesh doesn’t stop here.”

It was tremendous hashgachah that this happened. The driver thought that we wanted to go somewhere in Beitar, so he pulled over, thinking he would offer us a ride. But really, Hashem caused him to pull over for a different reason. He was Hashem’s messenger to inform us that we needed to be at a different bus stop. This saved us a ton of lost time and ogmas nefesh.

Hashem sent Him a Bodyguard

Hi! I’m Yoni, and I live in Achisamach. Achisamach is a new community not far from Ben Gurion Airport in Israel. The jackals – animals that look something like wolves – still feel free to roam our neighborhood at night. When the windows are open, we sometimes hear them howling.



One afternoon I met up with a bunch of my classmates at the stream that runs behind our street. We all live nearby, except for one boy who lives at the other end of the neighborhood. It was pretty late by the time we left, and that boy was afraid to walk home alone, because of the jackals. I tried to calm him down by telling him that they don’t come out until later at night, but he was still afraid. As he started walking in the direction of his house, he suddenly heard footsteps coming up behind him. It was his older brother, who was also heading home. Hashem sent his older brother to walk with him all the way to his house!

Dear kids!

There are amazing stories just for you on our kids’ phone-line.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 2

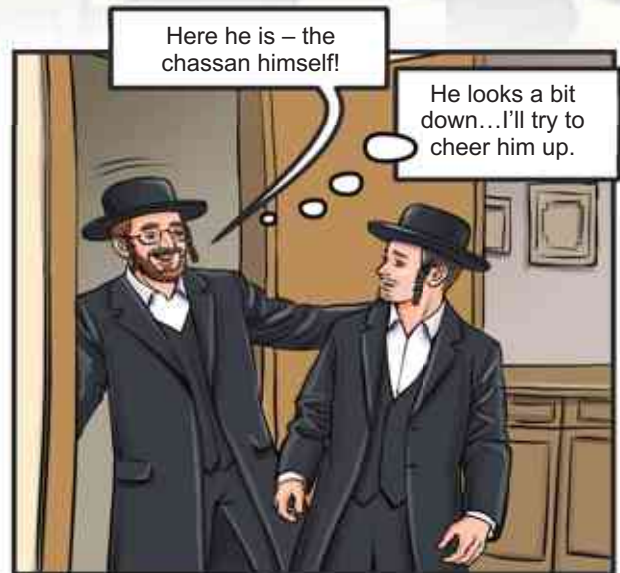
Notices

Did you see Hashem’s hashgacha clearly in your own life?

Call the Hashgacha Pratis phone-line for kids and tell Am Yisrael your story! 1-518-613-0140, ext. 4

Regards from Tatty Chapter 2

Last week: In the beis hachaim in Monsey, an orphaned chassan begs for a sign that his father will be with him at his chuppah. At the same time, in Eretz Yisrael, without realizing what he's doing, Reb Shlomo Appel places an old letter into his suitcase before leaving for the States.



You have the power

to strengthen the
shemirah of all 613
mitzvos for Jews
throughout the world!

השגחה פרטית

A World of Emunah
A Life of Bitachon

How?

By doing what Hagaon Rav Vaakov Kamentzky zt"l and Hagaon Rav Moshe Feinstein zt"l encouraged every Yid to do: Spreading the awareness of Hashem's hashgacha pratis, which is a foundation of emunah. As these gedolim wrote, when a Yid's emunah is stronger, his shemirah of all 613 mitzvos is strengthened.

כל לב מבין, יבין כמה גדולה הנחיצות להשריש בזמנינו אלה אמונת
ההשגחה הפרטית בלב כל אחד ואחד, ובפרט לבלבול צעירי הצאן, כי הוא
יתד שהכל תלוי בה, ועל ידי התחזקות המצוה זו - יתחזקו בס"ד כל תרי"ג
המצוות ויתקיים בנו 'וצדיק באמונתו יחיה' ודבר טוב לחזק האמונה הוא על
ידי שירשמו בפנקס מה שרואים ומרגישים השגחה פרטית בעינינו היום
ימיים. ונקל להבין שענין זה יעקור ויבטל את ההרגל שהכל במקרה
מכוחות הטבע, וכוחי ועוצם ידי עשו לי את החיים הזה.

Call now and make a subscription to receive ten copies
of this newsletter each week, the newsletter that
spreads emunah in Hashem:

Call: 845-222-2114

Email: HASHGACHAPRUTIS@GMAIL.COM

Rabbanim endorse the use of ma'aser funds for these subscriptions. The newsletter does not contain any content that requires genizah.

For comments on the content of this newsletter, please leave us a message.

Call 1-518-613-0140, ext. 9/9, Or send an email to hashgachaprutis@gmail.com